

It begins simply enough as all things do in Kirkwall.

Avaline asks for aid, weary of the consistent pestering from a Templar, Emeric. There is an ongoing investigation in Kirkwall, young women all over have been found murdered. Though the city guard has already cleared his prime suspect of suspicion, apparently it's time for other avenues of dubious help. It's not for naught, however, for they do find Gascard with a girl in clear need of help. "I am hunting the murderer!" He cries, hands bloody with the magics he's using to do so. Which is why he flees, leaving behind others to cover his escape.

Blood Mages.

Yet when you look for Emeric to report your findings, you find Moira instead. "He's to meet with you later, with a note you left for him" Of course. Right. The note you wrote when you were rather busy fighting your way out of the du Puis Estate. It doesn't even flicker a lick of surprise when you find him dead. For all the annoyance Emeric had caused, he stumbled too close to the truth after all.

What a mess.

Yet the problems still continue for when you return home, Gamlin awaits rather impatiently for you. "Your mother never showed up for our weekly meeting" Perhaps she's just tired of your complaining, Uncle. Wonderful lovely Bodhan, interjects that she's recently received White Lilies from her sweetheart. Perhaps she's just lost track of time? You grin quietly to yourself. Why mother!

Though with the current murder problems, perhaps it's best to see if you can meet up with her. You know, just in case.

You don't find her.

Instead, you find Gascard in the depths of darktown. Perhaps you should have just killed him after all for all he has to offer is the news he's lost the girl he's had in his grasp. "The murder has her. But I can find her! With the blood I have of hers." Makers bleeding balls, this is what we've resorted to. Sometimes champions can't be choosers and thus it's down a trap door to perhaps the most revolting shrine you've ever seen in your life.

"So! You've reached me after all these years" Of course they knew each other. Of course, Gascard is his former student. Of *course* he wanted to learn necromancy from a mage absolutely stark raving mad. It's lucky for them all Varric doesn't even give him a choice to contemplate rejoining his teacher's side. A single arrow through the throat fixes that problem perfectly fine. (Even if you really wanted the honors.)

It leaves Quinten free to rave about what he's done. The miracle he's created. His wife, brought back from the dead with the parts of the various women he's killed. The eyes of one, the body of another, the arms, the fingers, the face- "Your mother was chosen because was special" No, no, no, no, no- "And now, she is part of something.....Greater"

The <i>thing</i> that stumbles out of its chair barely resembles your mother. You know her like any child would but what's been done to her.... It shakes you to the core. The demons he summons to be rid of you barely register and it's only because the others are guarding your back that you have enough time to unsheath your blades. It's only muscle memory that saves you, your hits are halfhearted and make more useless than Gamlin on a good day. A part of you knows you're fortunate to have such good friends willing to take the brunt of the fight.

When it's over, because eventually, it does end, Quinten is dead and his monsters are destroyed. The creation he made stumbles its way to you and your heart clenches. "Mother!" You cry, because underneath the horror it's still her. You clutch her in your arms all the same, and she smiles the familiar warm smile you've known all your life "I knew you'd come" She whispers. Agony rips through you. "I tried to find you," You say, clutching back the sobs that want to form. I combed through all of Kirkwall, looking for any clue of you. I wanted to find anything but this. In the end, (IT DOESN'T EVEN MATTEEEER) she only looks at you far more peacefully than anyone gone through this sort of thing has the right to. "My little girl, all grown up. I love. You've always made me so proud."

Her eyes close. Your heart breaks. The haunting screams that follow echo into the night.